

Tutelary. Zogif. Naught, nowhere. Er-be.

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A poem by

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How could it be
the joyful boy who once was
is never seen
again
How could it be
the only man you ever need
is taken from the earth
nothing more now but a
faded memory
Is he dead forever
or does he live still
in your mortally
wounded heart
Pure as you are
for what flecks of dust
its worth
ive cried
rivers over our love
Born in sin and die
in tragedy
my troubled soul's
sorrowful story
more choices made
in abject poverty
The voices of ghosts
rightfully
put us to shame
What should have been
never was
What never should be
always is
How could i ever
reconcile
the incalculable loss of
Heaven
with the devil's bargain, ill-gotten gain
If it was my free will
all this time
how will i ever fly
with no wings
How will i be seen
as anything other
than the evil i am
in your eyes
Don't look to me
again
im at a loss
im at an end
im not worthy

to kiss the dirt
where your feet stepped
20 years and counting ago
I offer my life
I shine this faint light
for my friends
How could it be
i reside in the ruins
of a life never lived
of a life never shared

How could it be
that ill know peace
when every tortured moment
has a hold on me
How could it be
that i'd ever make you happy
when each breath is an agony
How could it be
that id keep you safe and sound
defended from all enemies
when these demons know me so well
im too weak to even speak after every defeat
How could it be
this white tree
bears no good fruit
its rotten from the top
to the roots underneath
Chop me down
cut up, cut out
every part thats offensive
then whats left
after all is spoken and acted
Is he dead forever,
or does he live
still remembered
in your pure heart and perfect home?